

The St. Johns Herald.

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NUMBER 14

C. M. & M. I.

St. Johns and Springerville

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

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And everything usually found in a First-Class Establishment. Any article not
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DEALER IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

St. Johns, Arizona.

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And of the Best Quality.

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DID YOU EVER THINK?

Do you ever think, as you strive for gold,
That a dead man's hand can't a dollar hold?
We may tug and toil and pinch and save,
And we'll lose it all when we reach the grave.

Do you ever think, as you closely grasp
Your bag of gold with a firmer grasp,
If all the hungry hearts of the world
Were fed,
It might bring peace to your dying bed?
—Chicago Post.

An extra session of Congress is probable.

The Star made an able effort for the Woman suffrage bill.—Ex.

More senatorial corruption in Utah. This think is getting monotonous.

Now that we have captured Edo-elo you should remember to pronounce it that way.

The new apportionment bill gives Gila county one more representative.

The twentieth legislative assembly is making some exceedingly damaging history if it ever gets into print.

There's some fellows down at Phoenix who carry two grips, one contains their nerve, the other their gall.—Ex.

How would it do to create a board of commissioners consisting of three lawyers for the use of legislatures?

Hundreds of small steam power plants in the east are being replaced by electric power generated in large central stations.

There are now 13 warships, carrying 92 guns and 3,600 men, in Philippine waters.

The most ridiculous thing imaginable is the quoting the words of any gold bug as the utterances of a democrat.

Representative Benham should not allow himself to be bulldozed into changing his vote against exempting any sort of corporations from taxation.—Ex.

It would evidently give the head of the war department no small satisfaction to be permitted to embalm Gen. Miles himself.

In Pennsylvania the courts have been dealing with what they call a scholastic fire bug. We suppose that means one who sets a building on fire grammatically and in different languages.

Kipling sings of the white men's burden. It is suggested that he write a few couplets on the white taxpayer's burdens and dedicate it to the millionaires of this country.

Why is it that no one ever thinks of going to the postoffice and asking for tickets? or to the express or railroad ticket or freight office and undertaking to give a stand off for services rendered? Is it because they know their requests would not be granted. Then why should these people make the serious mistake of thinking they are "supporting" a paper when they take it several years and then get indignant when called on to pay for it. But the newspaper is man away ahead the sooner he has such "supporters" withdraw their patronage.

According to Mr. Reed's figures, we sacrifice \$2 every time we kill a Filipino.

With Phoenix peaches and California oranges injured by the cold wave, Flagstaff potatoes will not be sneered at next summer.—Cocconino Sun.

A glance over the year since the catastrophe of Feb. 15, 1898, does not indicate any reason for complaint that the Maine was not thoroughly remembered.

The pen is mightier than the sword, but when it comes to making up an official report of a court inquiry the whitewash brush may be used considered mightier than either.

If it is impossible to bring about the election of senators by a direct vote of the people, a public auction, giving all bidders an equal chance, would be better than the present system.

Machinery exports from the United States to Mexico for the last six months amounted to \$2,720,000, showing a large gain over the same time last year. This is expansion of the right kind.

All the Spanish naval commanders who survived the destruction of Cervera's fleet are to be court-martialed. Spain is going to have satisfaction out of somebody.

Of course no one would insinuate the gallant Commodore Philip is a two faced man, but the people of Texas manifestly regard him as two sided. Else why give him a sword and a bible on the same day?—Ex.

The last missing man to be reported found is the Archduke John of Austria, long regarded as lost at sea. Andres, Dunham and the Archduke have probably been having a little "time" together somewhere.

In Philadelphia a scientist has computed that an average man of 154 pounds' weight has enough iron in his system to make a plowshare and enough phosphorus to make 500,000.

Write on a piece of paper the number representing your age, multiply by two, add 3,792, add 4, divide by two, then subtract the number representing your age, and before your eyes will be something you will never see again.

As the result of a number of experiments with X-rays in Chicago, it is asserted that the rays are to become a medium through which reason may be restored to insane persons. It has been found that by the rays, brain tumors, responsible for many cases of alienation of mind, can be located.

It might be well for the individuals who are devoting so much time to the defeat of the railroad tax exemption act, to devote some of their attention to other corporations that pay little or no taxes. We are refer to the mining companies who, as a rule, take millions out of territory and avoid taxation.—Cocconino Sun.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Awarded
Highest Honors, World's Fair
Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair

The bill now before the legislature having for its purpose that of converting the reform school building at Flagstaff into a branch Normal school or other educational institution, should pass. The structure is one of the most substantial of any in Arizona. It is constructed of the beautiful red sandstone of Flagstaff. The plan of the structure is admirable adapted for an educational institution, and as a summer school of science it cannot be excelled.—Tucson Star.

Sad Tragedy at Benson.

Tuesday afternoon a telegram from Benson conveyed the sad intelligence that Monday night Doctor Temple had wandered away from home in a fit of mental aberration and was drowned. Deceased was a very old man, and for the past year or more his mental faculties have been failing. He was missed Monday night and search was instituted, many solutions friends and neighbors joining. The search was continued all the night and Tuesday until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when his lifeless remains were found in the San Pedro river. As he was very old and feeble, it is thought his death was comparatively easy.

Deceased, who was about eighty years of age, was a native of New England, but resided many years in Louisiana, practicing the profession of dentistry. He leaves a wife and five children to mourn his loss. His sons are Charles, J. J. and George Temple, and his daughters Mrs. Cheek of San Francisco and Miss Ida Temple, now in the senior class of the territorial normal school at Tempe. The three sons are all in the railway service, Charles being assistant agent for the Southern Pacific Co. at Deming, J. J. is agent for the N. M. & A. Co. at Huachuca, George has charge of the S. P. yard at Bowie. In their sad loss the bereaved family have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends.—Oasis.

QUICK GUN WORK.

On Monday evening ex-Sheriff John H. Slaughter of Cochise county was telling our Bob Leather wood, V. H. Igo and a Tucson star representative a thrilling story of his last hairbread escape. It happened in October on the San Bernardino ranch, east of Bisbee some fifty miles. There is a phone connection with Bisbee and this is an important factor in the transaction. A one-legged fellow named Finley had engaged a team at Bisbee, went La Morita, in Sonora, gambled and sold the outfit. He then stole a horse and rode in, an easterly direction toward the San Bernardino ranch. Arriving there he met a Mexican and told him he would pay \$10 for a fresh horse. The Mexican reported to Mr. Slaughter, who started to meet Finley, but learned that the man had moved to a point a mile away. Mr. Slaughter then phoned to Bisbee and Justice Williams responded: "Finley is wanted. He is a desperate fellow and is probably well armed. You are authorized to make the arrest."

Calling the Mexican and another employe, Mr. Slaughter, all armed, went out to the place which had been designated and saw Finley apparently asleep, under a tree. Going up to the prostrate man Slaughter snatched a Winchester which lay by the side of Finley and cast the gun several feet away. Then Slaughter said to Finley: "You are under arrest," whereat Finley suddenly turned over facing Slaughter and presented a gun cocked and ready to fire. The ex-sheriff, but five away, fired, striking the back of Finley's right hand, the ball going through it and into the body of the man, killing him instantly.

Slaughter said he had no thought of killing Finley, but it was a case of quick action.—Tempe News.

Looking Backward.

[May Herron.]

I sit by the fireside thinking
Of brother and sister dear,
Of my father and my mother
And wish that they all were here.

I can see my patient father
As he walks behind the plow,
As he strokes the tired horse
And petted each dear old cow.

I can see my gentle mother
As she used to sit and sew,
I can see her in the kitchen
As she hurries to an fro.

I can see my little brother,
His laughter and merry talk,
I can hear his baby singing,
I can hear his little walk.

In my dreams I see my sister
As she used to sit and sing,
But those days glad times, alas,
Are gone—

Broken is the merry ring.

In fancy those days may return,
But not in reality I know,
Until we have reached heaven's gate
Where parting and death ne'er go.

Rim Rock School.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ABAD MAN BITES THE DUST.

Tom Darnell, Champion Vaquero of the Rouge Riders Killed by A. J. Fowler at Central.—The Act Fully Justified.

Tom Darnell, a noted cowboy and vaquero, was killed at Central Monday evening, at 9 o'clock, by A. J. Fowler, successor to the business of J. C. Givens. Darnell had arrived to town that afternoon, and immediately started to get drunk. Toward evening he went into the saloon owned by Fowler and finding a colored man acting as bartender he became very abusive. After an exchange of words with Fowler he took his departure, remarking as he left that he "would see you again old man." He then went to H. J. Hutchinson's store and corral where he had left his horse and his weapons, and demanded that the outfit be given him; saying that he "had to kill a d—nigger and a tall white man." Mr. Hutchinson tried to induce him to go to bed but he would not do so. Someone who heard Darnell went and notified Fowler to be on his guard. Darnell procured his arms and went back to Fowler's saloon. He stood outside peering at the window for a short time. He then entered the saloon and started toward Fowler who was at the end of the bar. Fowler warned him to keep back as he had heard of his threats. Darnell continued to advance making a motion as if draw his gun. Fowler, retreated to a partition in the rear of the room drawing his gun and warning Darnell to desist. Darnell followed, closely in on Fowler he attempted to grasp Fowler's pistol with his left hand and with his right hand he pulled the trigger. The bullet went straight through the center of Fowler's chest and he fell back, uttering a cry of "dam you I will get you now anyway." He missed his grasp at Fowler's weapon and his own pistol caught in the sweater which he wore. At this point Fowler fired one shot which struck Darnell in the left breast and entering pierced his heart, he dropped to the floor dying almost instantly. Darnell was an extraordinary good cattle man and vaquero, but exceedingly quarrelsome when under the influence of liquor. He went as a member of Troop II of the Rough Riders, but with the others of that troop remained at Tampa. It seemed to have soured his disposition that he did not get over to Cuba to fight. Since his return he had been exceedingly disagreeable and was considered an extremely dangerous man.

He had recently made several very bad gun plays and only two weeks ago fired two shots at one of his comrades when in Mexico bringing some cattle across the line. For this and other such breaks Mr. Brock, manager of the Diamond and a cattle, had just discharged him. The body was cared for by Mike Rose of Deming his Rough rider comrade and Mr. Brock, they coming from Deming and Whitewater respectively to look after the remains. A coroner's jury was empanelled and after hearing the testimony, fully exonerated Fowler from all blame in the matter.—Bulletin.

HE WANTED TO DIE.

But Dodged the Bullet Sent by His Own Hand.

Melquiades Lopez, a barber by occupation and about 30 years old, attempted to commit suicide Thursday evening in the Roma saloon at Firststreet and Monroe. Lopez has been married for a few months and has had trouble already with his wife. This made him desperate. He entered the saloon and wanted to buy a revolver of the bar tender, who offered to sell him a small weapon Lopez demanded a howitzer and refused the gun as being too small. The drink mixer then produced an affair that looked to be closely related to a Gatling, Lopez seized the weapon and suddenly placing it opposite his head, shouted. "Good bye, boys," and pulled the trigger. As it happened however, Lopez dodged the bullet by bending his knees, and the only damage done was to his hat. He was arrested and brought before Justice John Stoe, who ordered him sent to the county jail over night. Lopez will probably be tried today on a charge of disturbing the peace.—Gazette.

If General Egan has difficulty in understanding what his six years' retirement at full pay mean, he can refer to the report of the court-martial, where he will learn that it is intended as a punishment.—Cocconino Sun.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

George Washington was born on the 22nd day of February. There has been a many 22nd-day of different Februaries since the parent of our country came into existence, some of them good and some not so good. Washington has died, but the principles for which he lived and fought are like Februaries, they live, they endure. People who are soulful of that which goes to make up the right, will bow their heads to mother earth on the 22nd of this month and thank the grand Controller of all events for the privileges of having known that George Washington was born that he was an American and a primary democrat. The Chinese, Indians, Japanese—why should we enumerate—all the people of all the world love the memory, the deeds, the life and the spirit of George Washington.

Attempted emulation has never succeeded in surpassing his achievements. No one since him has ever risen to the place where he could truthfully say "I am first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of my countrymen." That a man so well fitted in all that is human should have to die, is an evidence that the All-wise being needs the recall of the spirit which he once imparted, to order the kingdom of the blessed.—Ex.

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The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Chilblains, Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Fingers, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale by St. Johns, Drug Co's drug store.

When Pa Gets Out of Bed.

I needn't hurry home from school,
Nor care a cent no more
About how mother feels because I
git my trousers tore;
I go a skatin' when I please, and
stay till I git through!
And never need to think about what
she will say or do—
They ain't a minute in the day that
I don't raise old Ned,
Because my pa he's got the grip and
can't get out of bed.

Some people think the grip is tough,
the doctors call it bad
My teacher says that it's the worst
disease she ever had;
She's sorry for my pa, because she
knows just how he feels—
About the only thing she has is quite
nine fer her meals—
But still I kind of like it after I've
been raisin' Ned.
Because since it's got hold of pa he
can't get out of bed.

I'm sorry for the boy whose pa has
never had the grip—
That is if he's the kind of pa that
keeps a strap or whip;
My pa don't never punish me, except
when I've been bad.
But jimmamee! I tell you then is
when it makes me sad,
And that's why all the time when
I'm somewhere raisin' Ned.
I can't help dreading' what'll come
when pa gets out of bed,
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago News.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying Electric Bitters; and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement, I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents per bottle at St. Johns Drug Store.

Fighting Joe Wheeler is going to the Philippines to take a hand in the scrap.